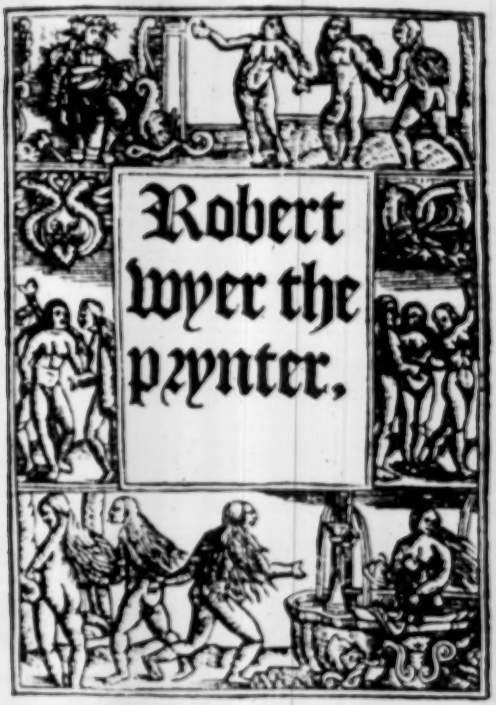
¶ Here begynneth a

complaynt of a dolorous Louer, vpon fu-
gred wordes / & fayned countenaunce.

¶ I say in ryght is reason / in truste is treason.
The loue of a woman / doth laste but a season.



O what dyſcomforte/o what dueyll
what greuaunce/o what ſyghes depe
Thus from my pleaſure/for to recuyll
By force of her/from whens my paynes doth creepe
To weppynge teres/tourned is my ſlepe
O what rage/to loue ſuche a fygure
Voyded of pytie/replyte with rygure.

O what hope, what ſolace/of ſuche ſcrupee
O how am I/with dolour furnyſſhed
O what dyſpayre/what ſadnes, what dyſtres
Is one in bytter/tourmentes garnyſſhed
with paynfull thoughtes/thus to be banyſſhed
From her that hath/aboue all creatures
My herte, and ſhall/whyle the worlde endures.

Where I haue euer/ben conſtant and true
Content and glad/aboue all meaſure
To do that thynge/that myght enſure
To her delyght/and dayly pleaſure
O dolorous tourment/that I endure
Thus vnkyndly/to be forſaken
wolde god rayther/deth had me taken.

O what recomforte/ſhuld I nowe haue
For the langoure/wherin I am wrapped
Ha loue vntrue/thou doeſt me dyſceyue
By the ſemblaunce/that I of the receyued
Helas ſyth I/no ſooner perceyued
The ſodayne ſtroke/of thy vnkyndneſſe
which deedly dothe/my herte oppreſſe.

Helas to longe/haue I attended
My greuous payne/to deth hath me brought
And where to loue/I condyscended
Repent I can not/though I it dere hath bought
My trouth, and fydelyte/is nowe set at nought
Helas moche better/had ben for me
with beestes to haue lyued/that vnknowen be.

And there to haue eten rootes/and grasse grene
And taken my rest/in places dysconsolate
And neuer with woman/to haue be sene
But so to haue lyued/in places deserte
Then had I not knowen/the cause of my smerte
whiche lytell regardeth/my loue assured
But with vnkyndnes/my paynes hath procured.

Whiche are so greuous/that causeth me dayly
To crye and call/for deth moste sodayne
wyllynge for her to dye/more gladly
Then to haue lyfe/with her dysdayne:
Nowe out of hope/I do remayne
Euer to reioyce/in playe or dysporte
But styll to endure/without comforte.

So with complayntes/and regretes pyteous
Voyded of all ioye/and pleasure dylectable
By force wherof/constrayned to do thus
My lyfe to lede/with syghes lamentable
Thus is my grefe/incomparable
And the remembraunce/of her swete face
From my yes/maketh the teres ronne a pace.

THus do I thynke/o what dyſpleaſure
what greſe/what offence, haue I done
Helas what thynge/ſhuld her procure
Thus me/for to forſake ſo ſoone
For my true herte/it is ſmall guerdone
O then what cauſe/haue I for to complayne
That for loue/ſuche doloure doth ſuſtayne.

O what ſorowe/what ſyghes, with lamẽtacyõs
what crycs, what weppynges/and what langoure
what dueyll tourmented/of dyuers facyons
what rygoure, what payne/what doloure
O falſe dyſdayne/howe myght thou endure
Thy ſelfe/in ſuche a place, to preſent
where as pytie/ſhuld haue ben reſydent.

Helas my dayes/are ſhortened by the
And by the procurement/of thy rewarde
wherfore I may/lament inceſſantly
My wyttes troubled/my body ſore apparde
The roote of my ſorowe/hath no regarde
To my dyſcomforte/and deedly payne
wherfore with wo to lyue/I muſte be fayne.

Helas haue I not/then great wronge
Syth my lyfe is abrydged/and made ſhorte
And that for her/my ſorowes ſtronge
whiche dayly doth/to me reſorte
Is cauſoure/of my dyſcomforte
Not conſyderynge/my mortall payne
And greuous ſorowes/that I ſuſtayne.

¶ Cauſeles exempte/from her fauoure
without equyte/reaſon, or ryght
Helas ſyth Juſtyce/hath no powre
Trouth and fydelyte/leſeth theyr myght
Fayned countenaunce/hath blynded my ſyght
whom I thought faythfull/had ben alwayes
with cruell dyſdayne/my wages payes.

Nothynge in erthe/ſomoche dyd me pleaſe
As to her laude/or cõmendacyon
Gyuen vnto her/it dyd my herte moche eaſe
And alſo no trouble/ſyckenes nor veracyon
Thus me to greſe/was none occaſyon
But her vnkyndnes/whom I ſuppoſed
Her ſugred wordes/had not ben gloſed.

¶ whiche as me ſemed/was able to conſtrayne
The power of dethe/to withdrawe his hande
But nowe helas/my hope is all in vayne
I haue it loſte/that ſhuld withſtande
That was my ioye/is nowe my wande
My ſcorge my tourment/and my trauelle
worſe to endure/then the paynes of helle.

¶ By force wherof/dymmed is my ſyght
My wyttes rauyſſhed/my lyfe is wery
My herynge ſtopped/my ſpeche hath no myght
Thus is there nothynge/can me mery
My deſſperat dolour/my body wolde bery
The longer I lyue/the more is my payne
wherfore to dye/I wolde be glad and fayne.

¶ My hole delyre/is to be alone
That I may haue her/in remembraunce
That is the cauſoure/of my mone
The roote and grounde/of all my greuaunce
Helas nowe haue I loſte/my vtteraunce
My tonge is faynt/to crye or call
My voyce is feble/with lyke tyght ſmall.

¶ Conſtraynt of wo/cauſeth the teres
From my yes/plentuouſly to dyſtyll
Suche habundaunce/of ſorowe my herte beres
That my tonge can not/vtter theffecte of my wyll
My greuous herte/my body doth fyll
Thus dyenge, and not deed/I do endure
A hertles body/without pleaſure.

¶ Thus adieu, farewell/all ioye and pleaſure
Adieu all companye/of myrth and dyſporte
Adieu all luthynge/with ſonge or daunce
where in tymes paſt/I had comforte
But nowe helas/I muſte reſorte
Unto that doloure/of dolours moſt dolorous
The payne of paynes/then deth more greuous.

¶ Finis.

¶ Imprynted by me Robert wyer, dwellynge
at the ſygne of ſaynt Johñ Euangelyſt/
in ſaynt Martyns paryſſhe, beſyde
charyng croſſe, in norwych rent.

¶ Cum priuilegio regali.

ROBERT WYER

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